

# Jeffersonian Republican.

Richard Nugent, Editor.

THE WHOLE ART OF GOVERNMENT CONSISTS IN THE ART OF BEING HONEST.—Jefferson.

[C. W. De Witt, Publisher]

VOL. I.

MILFORD, PIKE COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1840.

No. 15.

## JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

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## POETRY.

For the Jeffersonian Republican.

### Lines

Written for a Lady's Album, at the request of a young Lady.

The owner of this little book,  
Or any she ever shun,  
The paths of vice—and may she look  
On each and every one—  
With eyes of pity—not of scorn,  
The needy—not to leave forlorn.

And may she ever prove to be  
A lovely child of God;  
To praise his name eternally,  
Whilst yet a living clod;  
And after death—O! may she stand,  
An ornament at God's right hand.

H. C. M.

Westfall, April, 1840.

### From the New York Despatch.

#### OUT OF DATE.

Looking over the papers during the week, we recollect seeing in some one of them a labored eulogium on a drinking song, which the editor designates with the classic name of an Anacreontic. We believe that word is Greek for getting drunk, and other unseemly and incontinent practices; and we suppose that in the opinion of the learned, he who anacronizes himself into delirium tremens, is a great deal better citizen than the man who bathes his soul in whiskey till he brings on what in the vernacular is called the horrors. It is vastly more moral, genteel and proper to travel to perdition with Apollon's month of madness, than to get drunk under a hat with a hole in the rim, and in the society of rum coveys & companions. "There are differences look you" and we suppose these must be conceded as among them. For our own part however if a man becomes unfit for business and social relations—a poor husband—a bad father—a worthless citizen—and all from "being nobody's enemy but his own," it makes little difference, that we can see, in what way he arrives at a result so melancholy.

The prostitution of poetry and music have gone far enough to the ruin of its votaries. The sentiment of the age is no longer tolerant towards decking a skeleton with false ornaments to conceal its frightful character. The world is tired of seeing a ghastly pit covered and concealed with rose leaves to tempt the unwary to plunge into moral death. Beautiful poetry, words well collected and finely chosen for their harmony, images luxuriant in beauty, and the very spirit of loving music over all, cannot excuse a literary trifle however elegant the moral of which is that it is not strictly proper, but highly commendable to drown reason in wine, and sink the man in the helpless brute. As these interesting pursuits formed part of the worship of the much lauded ancients it is not to be wondered that a large portion of their literature abounds in the laudation of such practices; but as the modern code of morals recognises no such impure duties; it is to be wondered that the attainment of what is called a liberal education, makes it necessary to imbibe a loose morality.

Carloads of missiles have been hurled at the poor common inebriate, who dares to drink plebeian liquors, while the fountain of dissipation of which the learned, and polite have been christened, is sacred from the rude breath of invective. The root of the evil is left untouched and unattempted. The literary institution of this and other Christian countries have manufactured more confirmed drunkards than any other causes have created. How often do we meet under the most disgusting garb of blackguardism and, filth, with the wreck of a fine mind, and the shreds of an education, which might have given the degraded possessor a high stand among his fellow citizens had he not chosen, rather his place among the swine.

We recollect meeting in an obscure tavern in the country, last summer an appropriate example of these remarks. Chance led us there to make some inquiry about the road, and we found the bar-room wholly occupied by an unshaven and unkempt loafer, who was reading an old newspaper; the latest date by way that had been received in that forgotten nook. He was a perfect personification of William Barlow—ragged and filthy.—As there was no other person to whom to address ourselves, we put a question to him, which he having

answered it very courteously—a Beau Nash in tatters. Having thus commenced a conversation for our own purposes, we could not refuse to continue it for his gratification. A few moments served to surprise us at the extent of his erudition the beauty of his language, the wideness of his acquaintance with the current topics of news and politics, the soundness of his comments, and the pertinence of his inquiries. We were beguiled in half an hour's converse with him. It was admiration of a treasure upon a dung heap. We forgot his rags and his unseemly exterior; and lost sight of all but the treasures of his mind. A spell was on us which was not dispelled until upon the entrance of the landlord, he stopped short in discussion upon General literature to make some coarse indication of his desire for the ardent. He had spoken of the nectar of Olympus, talked of the sunny Rhine and its rich vintages, blended poetry and the grape—and, at the end of all, this Anacreon in patched breeches which might to advantage have been patched more, wanted—WHISKEY.

Curiosity led us to ascertain his story, to trace the steps through which he had receded from the good position he must once have held, down to the kennel. We found that he was the son of parents who had begged themselves to give their child an education which might fit him for any station to which the ambition of parents for their child could reach. He was a graduate of the oldest and proudest college in the United States. His education was completed by the acquirement of the theory of a profession; and he commenced the practice of the law in one of our largest cities. Fortune smiled on him to the hour of his marriage with a beautiful and accomplished woman. Popular favor threw clients in his way by scores, and even gave him political preferment. He was the life of the circle in which he moved, the ready wit at public dinners—the selected orator upon public days—the occasional poet—and in word the popular idol. If he even neglected his clients it was at first well enough—anything was borne with, in so universal a favorite. His path lay apparently upon flowers.

Patience will not last forever. Client after client dropped off—compelled to do so from inability to persuade attention to their business on the part of him to whom they had entrusted it. Other ruin: for, with all the sentiments of propriety in the world, the man who has neither system nor punctuality, and still fills a place of trust, can preserve neither the appearance nor the proofs of integrity. When a man begins to put aside business appointments for the pursuit of pleasure, and acquires a habit of making sensual pursuits, however refined the leading object of life, it is all up with him. Our hero

Like Lucifer—never to rise again.

At this time he had three children. He could not lie down in the dust and let them sink with him. He made an effort, and his friends, trusting to his sincere desire of reformation, assisted him. He removed to another city, and thought he had forever abandoned the temptations of the cup. He applied himself to business—cheerfulness again visited his fireside, and hope whispered consolation to his almost heart-stricken wife. Again his excellent talents procured him prosperity—again came the tempter. He was sought by the beaux esprits as his wit and talents became known and appreciated—and before he had risen to anything like his former position—he sunk again.—Anacreon sought him still—but a convivial song at a supper party will not furnish forth the next day's table.

Once more in the dust, his friends had no word of help or consolation for him. They would render no more assistance—they would not even pay him the equivocal proof of friendship and remembrance which is conveyed in reproaches. He noticed their neglect, he appreciated the cause and the motives of it and his pride spurred him to another effort, and an unaided one. Again he removed, again he reformed—again, but for a brief while, he prospered. Now came offers of aid he scouted them, and resolved to support himself alone. The pride of purpose which sustained him temporarily threw him down again.—He presumed too much on his strength, and as he thought he had recovered himself against the predictions of his friends, he thought he could maintain his position in contempt of their advice. Anacreon triumphed.

This then was the previous history of our bar-room companion for an hour. His present story, for he still lives, under the "great seal" of New Jersey is soon told. His oldest child, a daughter, & his wife support themselves and his youngest child by the scanty wages of female occupations. His son, the second had been placed by their efforts and his in a position where he may emulate, his father's success; and with such an example as he has in his father's infirmities, we cannot doubt that he will avoid them. That father is a pensioner for his daily bread upon his wife. His legal operations now qualify him for a referee in bar-room bets, upon mooted points of law, and his fee in every case, is a glass of the liquor which is paid for by his decision. His political knowledge is useful in harangues in the temple of rum, where he is the oracle. His belated letters are reserved for chance visitors—and for street attacks on the village literati, who shuffle off while they speak with him. At noon he goes home, to his dinner, with inebriation enough to be sure, and silent, but not violent, while he suddenly betrays a keener ally an alms to him at night, the staid sober man, the residence perhaps to share and assist his wife and daughter; and in the morning he is back to his tavern haunt, his hand to the wheel, the lack of excitement for which he depraved appetite craves. Thus, in living death, waste the victim of A LIBERAL EDUCATION.

To the Editor of the Jeffersonian Republican.

I had always believed that newspapers would be rendered more permanently useful by devoting a portion of their columns to illustrations of the history of our country, and particularly of our own State, and to brief notices of the lives of its distinguished characters. It is well known that many persons have not the leisure or inclination to extend their reading beyond the contents of a newspaper, and were the above plan adopted, all would be able to acquire an extensive fund of knowledge relative to our early history, our progress from infancy to maturity, and the struggles of our fathers during the Revolutionary War, of which they would otherwise be ignorant. With this view, I have employed some leisure moments in compiling from various sources (principally from "Lives of the Signers" and the "Encyclopedia Americana") short biographical sketches of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence from Pennsylvania which may at least lead to cherish the memories of those patriots as among the most useful and virtuous fathers of a mighty Republic.

If the plan meets with the approbation of your readers these sketches will be followed by others. A SUBSCRIBER.

## Lives of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence from Pennsylvania.

1st. George Ross, was born in 1730, at New Castle, Delaware, where his father was the pastor of the Episcopal church. He commenced the study of law, in Philadelphia, at the age of 18, and when admitted to the bar, established himself in Lancaster, Pa. In 1768, Mr. Ross was chosen a Representative in the Assembly of Pennsylvania, and retained his seat in that body until 1774, when he was elected one of the delegates to the first general Congress at Philadelphia. At the time of his election, he was also appointed to report to the assembly of the province, a set of instructions, to regulate the conduct of Congress; on which occasion the inhabitants of Lancaster voted him a piece of plate, to be paid for out of the county stock, Mr. Ross, however thought it his duty to decline the present.

On the dissolution of the proprietary government in Pa., a general convention was assembled, in which Mr. R. was appointed to assist in preparing a declaration of rights on behalf of the State, in forming rules of order for the convention, and in defining and settling what should be high treason, and misprision of treason against the State, and what punishment should be inflicted for those offences—in April, 1779, Mr. Ross was appointed a Judge of the Court of Admiralty for the State of Pennsylvania; but, in the ensuing July, a sudden and violent attack of the gout terminated his life in the 50th year of his age.

2d. Benjamin Rush, M. D. was born on the 24th of December, 1745 (old style) near Philadelphia, and in 1759 entered the College of Princeton, where he graduated in 1769, before he had completed his 15th year, the next six years of his life was devoted to the study of medicine. During his novitiate he translated the aphorisms of Hippocrates into English, and also began to keep a note book of remarkable occurrences which he continued through life. From a part of this record written in the 17th year of the author's age, we derive the only account of the yellow fever of 1766, in Philadelphia.

In 1776 he went to Edinburgh to study at the University in that city, and took his degree of M. D. there in 1768. The next winter he spent in London; in the spring he went to France; in the autumn he returned to Philadelphia, and commenced the practice of his profession. In 1769 he was elected Professor of Chemistry in the College of Philadelphia, and when in 1791, the college was merged in the University of Pennsylvania, he was appointed Professor of the Institutes and practice of Medicine and of Clerical practice.

In the previous year he had begun to publish his new principles of medicine, depending chiefly for the cure of diseases upon bleeding and cathartics; and these were more or less developed by him in his successive annual courses of lectures, for the subsequent 23 years of his life. In the year 1793 when Philadelphia was desolated by the yellow fever to an extent almost equal to that of the ravages of the plague in the old world, the theories and the native genius of Dr. Rush's genius were put to the test. All the physicians, for some time after the commencement of this disease were unsuccessful in its treatment. Dr. Rush adopted a new mode, in which he was aided by a manuscript of Dr. Mitchell of Virginia respecting the yellow fever which prevailed there in 1781. This success was great and naturally brought him a great increase of practice. He had scarcely a moment of repose. Whilst at his meals, his

house was filled with persons, chiefly the poor, waiting for his advice; every day he was obliged to refuse numerous applications, and in riding through the streets, he was often forced to tear himself away from persons, who attempted to stop him, and to drive his chair, as speedily as possible out of the reach of their cries. His incessant labors of body and mind, by night and day, nearly cost him his life; but, by timely and proper treatment, he was rescued from the grave.

This was the most eventful year of his life, and in it he laid the foundation of a reputation inferior to few in the annals of medicine.

Dr. Rush did not confine his attention exclusively to the practice of his profession, but took an active and zealous part in political affairs. An ardent friend of liberty he was appointed a member of Congress a few days after the Declaration of Independence, but by a vote of that body, he was permitted to affix his name to that document, and in 1777 he was made physician general of the military hospital in the middle department; some time after which, he published his observations on our hospitals, army diseases, and the effects of the revolution on the army and people. In 1787 he was a member of the Convention of Pennsylvania for the adoption of the Federal Constitution, which received his warmest approbation. During the last 14 years of his life, he was treasurer of the United States Mint. Dr. Rush took a deep interest in also in many private associations for the advancement of human happiness with which Pennsylvania abounds. He was an honorary member of many of the literary institutions, both of this country and of Europe. In 1805, he received a medal from the King of Prussia, for his replies to certain questions respecting the yellow fever. On a similar account, he was presented with a gold medal, in 1807, from the Queen of Etruria, and in 1811, the Emperor of Russia sent him a diamond ring, as a testimony of respect for his medical character. The life of this great and good man was terminated April 19, 1813, at the 68th year of his age.

3d. James Smith, was a native of Ireland, born probably between 1715 and 1720. His father was a respectable farmer on the Susquehanna—James his second son, was educated at the college of Philadelphia, and afterwards studied law. On being admitted to the bar, he established his residence near the present town of Shippensburg, as a lawyer and surveyor, but some time after removed to York, where he continued the practice of his profession during the remainder of his life.

In 1774 he was a member of the meeting of delegates from all the counties of Pennsylvania for the purpose of expressing the public sentiment on the expediency of abstaining from importing any goods from England, and assembling a general Congress. In January, 1775, Mr. Smith was a member of the Pennsylvania Convention, and concurred in the spirited resolution which it passed, that "if the British Administration should determine by force to effect a submission to the late arbitrary acts of the British Parliament, in such a situation, we hold it our indispensable duty to resist such force, and at every hazard, to defend the rights and liberties of America." He was also a member of the provincial conference, which assembled on the 18th of the ensuing month of June to establish a new government for Pennsylvania, in consequence of the instructions given by the General Assembly to their delegates in Congress, to resist every measure tending to a separation, and seconded the resolution moved by Dr. Rush, to express in form, the sentiments of the Conference on the subject of a Declaration of Independence, which was carried, although the obnoxious instructions had been rescinded. Mr. Smith, Dr. Rush and Thomas McKean, were the committee by whom the resolution was drafted. It was unanimously adopted, and signed by the members, and presented to Congress a few days before the Declaration of Independence. In July a convention was assembled in Philadelphia for the purpose of forming a new Constitution for Pennsylvania of which Mr. Smith was a member. On the 20th of this month, he was elected by the convention a member of Congress—had the honor of affixing his signature to the "Declaration"—he remained in that body but a few years, and in 1780 served as a member of Assembly for one year. He then returned the

practice of his profession and continued it until the close of the century. He died at York, July 11, 1806, aged nearly 90 years.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## AN ANECDOTE OF GEN. HARRISON.

—The following circumstance was mentioned during the session of the Harrisburgh Convention by Judge Burnet, of Ohio; a warm personal friend of General Harrison. Many years since while the great tide of emigration was flowing through the Western States, the hero of the Thames having for awhile exchanged the arduous duties of a statesman and a general for the more peaceful pursuits of Agriculture, was on a hot summer evening at the porch of his humble "Log Cabin" asked for shelter and a meal, by a minister of the Methodist Episcopal persuasion. The jaded appearance of the steed, and the soiled garments of the rider, proclaimed the fatigue of the day, and with his usual courtesy, the old General welcomed the stranger. After a plain and substantial supper, the guest joined with the host in social conversation; and the latter laying aside the character of a soldier, and statesman, willingly listened to the pious instructions of the traveller. They retired to rest, the good old soldier thankful to a munificent Providence that he was enabled to administer to the wants of a fellow creature and the worthy minister of Christ, invoking the blessings of Heaven upon the head of this kind benefactor. Morning came and the minister prepared to depart. He was in the act of doing so, when he was informed that the General was not at home. This loss however severe, considering that he had yet two hundred miles to travel did not discourage him in the exercise of his duty; but taking his saddle bags on his arm he rose to depart with thanks for the kindness of his entertainer. The old General did not attempt to prevent him, though he offered his condolence upon the loss; but an observing eye could have detected a smile of inward satisfaction, which the consciousness of doing good alone produces.—The guest reached the door and to his astonishment found one of the Generals horses accoutered with his own saddle and bridle and waiting for him. He returned and remonstrated stating his inability to pay for it, and that in all probability he should never again visit that section of country. But the General was inexorable, and reminding the astonished Divine, that "he who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," sent him on his way, his heart overflowing with gratitude, and his prayers directed to Heaven for blessings on the venerable Hero.—Penn. German.

How IT WORKS.—While the poor man cannot get work, and the prices of butter, cheese, wheat, &c. have fallen so low as to make the farmer a loser by his labor, foreign articles of necessity keep up their prices, Tea is actually rising, coffee is at its old price, so are all other things which the American freemen are accustomed to have. The hard money system therefore cuts off most of the comforts of the poor man's family. Will he consent to be made a pauper to please Mr. Van Buren? No.—Albany Daily Advertiser.

The farmers in some parts of Ohio have to give two pounds of Butter in exchange for one of coffee—money being out of the question.

The defalcation in the Virginia bank is about \$580,000.